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ment, and also that the art instincts of our people are at least equal to those of any other nation; all that is wanting is the thorough art training, that will enable our artists to express with precision and power the thought that is in them.

Twenty years ago there were no art schools of any account in the country, and at that time the great exodus of our art students began, until now the principal art centres of Europe number them by the hundred. But instead of returning home after the acquisition of their *metiers*, to aid in the development of a characteristic American school, the large majority of them continue their foreign residences, and do their utmost to think and paint like the artists among whom they live. Not being to the manor born, they never fully succeed in this endeavor—they only succeed in becoming less American.

With their knowledge of technique, we need them here to show us home artists, who have not had their advantages, how to express more clearly and forcibly the character of our landscape and of our national life. The wonderful growth of the nation shows that it must possess peculiar traits of life and character that are worthy of being painted and sung by our own painters and poets, and that the themes are here if one has only the intelligence to see them.

A writer in a recent number of the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* truly says that "The greatest school in a country is that which is developed most normally in accord with the character of the nation." The same differences that exist in the characters of the people of America and of Europe should be shown in the works of their respective artists. It obtains in literature, why not in art?

The great artistic truths are common to all countries and all ages: every good work of art must be in accord with them, and no true artist would depart from them in order to be original or not to do what has been done by others. It is the imitation of mannerisms and foreign idiosyncrasies that is objectionable.

Several of the European governments have threatened retaliatory measures if Congress does not repeal the present art duty. It is to be hoped that this programme will be carried out, and that in consequence, European life will be rendered so expensive and uncomfortable to the American artists, that they will be forced to return to their own country. With such an influx of thoroughly trained artists there will be an impetus given to the development of art such as the country has never before witnessed.

The following editorial from the *N. Y. Times* of July 27, shadows forth the compensating good that may result from the present art tariff. It may transpire that every Congressman who voted for it "builded better than he knew:"

#### EFFECTS OF THE DUTY ON WORKS OF ART.

Deplorable as the tariff on works of the fine arts undoubtedly is, perhaps it may benefit us in one respect. It may force our artists who live abroad to decide, for their own ultimate good, whether they propose to be Americans or Europeans. As it now stands Europe is full of Americans who are less than ciphers; they are mere points of interrogation. There they have learned to make pictures that sell for the moment to a class that does not pretend to buy to hold. The patronage they get is essentially unstable. It consists in part of speculative dealers, in part

of passing tourists, in part of the charitably inclined at home. It does not allow of a gradual growth such as other professions demand, if the highest eminence is to be attained. By understanding this fact, talents of no great original compass arrive at success; on the other hand, by ignoring it, the largest promise of power comes very often to nothing.

Americans cannot reasonably object if another country is chosen as a residence for life. Sir Benjamin West and Count Rumford chose to become Europeans, and no one grudges them their well earned fame. But they did not try to be Americans too. They were citizens of the lands they adopted, and did manful work as such. Our Americans abroad at present are neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. They live in "colonies" and spend their leisure in abusing alternately the country from which they come and the land they flatter by imitating. In Paris they are Americans, and in New York they are Frenchmen. Naturally enough their art work is equally hybrid; it is displeasing to the fastidious and the knowing, and inevitably a thing rejected by the generations to come. To support this bitter fact by history it is only necessary to examine the careers of Dutch and German painters who, not content with a year or two in Italy, must needs colonize at Rome. They never became Romans, and their denationalized art was, for the most part, neglected by their own countrymen of the next generation. If the tariff cause the return of a round number of Americans who have got all the good there is in foreign study, but not enough to spoil them, it will have done something to offset the prejudices aroused by the want of fair dealing of Americans in Congress assembled.

#### LAKE LONESOME.

BY A LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

IN my occasional talks with our guides, they had made certain vague references to a lonely lake, which, though not very remote, was difficult of access and about which there clung an air of mystery and seclusion which I had more than once longed to penetrate. Indeed my friend and I had planned an expedition there, but there were so many other entertaining things to claim our attention that we did not accomplish this. Now, however, being thrown somewhat more upon myself, I recalled this subject with a renewed interest and sought still further information from our men.

From the "farm" they pointed out where it lay, afar in the distance where the long line of the forest sank in a faint green ripple against the side of the mountain, which was the crowning glory of the magnificent outlook. Lake "Lonesome" they called it. It became a subject of conversation in the camp. My own inclination to visit it was stimulated by the interest of the rest of the party, and I therefore decided to go, taking "Walt," one of our young and lusty woodmen with me. All our preparations were carefully made. Much of the distance was to be accomplished on foot through the woods, and everything must be carried. We were to pass two other lakes, and one of them—the larger one—it was necessary to cross, and we carried an axe and a few necessary materials for building a raft from the dry cedars on its shore. The whole of our party accompanied us across *our lake* in the "big birch" and we took one small birch along to leave upon the opposite shore in case of an emergency. It was an ideal morning; the freshness of the creation seemed to rest upon the wilderness, save for a blush of scarlet here and there in the fringes of the swampy tracts which defined the inlets of sluggish streams, painted by these lessening September days

to emphasize the faint line which separates the full tide of summer from the Autumn glories which were soon to usurp the verdure of the far reaching forest. A blue thread of smoke rose from our failing camp fire, to mark the one spot where for many and many a mile, a touch of human interest lingered in these unpeopled solitudes. We caught the friendly signal from afar again and again between the enchanted islands that lay in front of our camp. We watched the "farm" with its green harvest of young birches and aspens, whose virgin sod no plough had ever vexed, until it gradually faded into the blue of its encircling woods. "Dan" accompanied us to help carry our luggage as far as the first lake where we were to build the raft, when he was to return with the rest of the party to the camp. The ladies regretted that they were not men in cowhide boots that they, too, might become discoverers. With many a wish from them for fair days and fortunate conditions, we plunged into the woods which came down to the beach, and began the ascent towards the little trout lake, where we had often been to fish, and which lay about a mile away and at a considerable elevation. We skirted its rocky shores, we caught alluring glimpses of its slumbering depths where I had taken many a beautiful trout, and where I would fain have cast my fly to-day were there not more exhilarating attractions lying afar in the mysterious regions toward which we journeyed. We had a dog with us which a few days before had strayed into our camp and meekly and humbly appealed to our hospitality, but we intended to send him back with "Dan." The route was very difficult, through marshes and over great boulders, following a dimly blazed line which we frequently lost, but as often regained. The afternoon was waning, and "Dan" having a long distance to go before he reached the party at the lake, shot ahead with his deer-like strides, and after depositing his pack on the shore of the lower lake, we met him on his return and put the dog in his charge to take back with him. With a wave of his hand, he disappeared in the forest. We heard the branches crackle under his feet for a moment and we were alone. It was late in the afternoon when we emerged through an alder thicket upon the shore of the lower lake; not a ripple disturbed its surface and the island of pines and the rocky scars of the mountain side were clearly and sharply reflected in its waters. A beautiful sandy shore stretched along its lower end, terminated by granite rocks on the one hand and a wooded point on the other. The very soul of quiet breathed over the place, until two loons at some distance from the shore, discovering us, set up their wild cry and filled the solitude with their startling clamor. A little inlet from the swamp seemed to hint of trout, and mounting my rod, I began to cast with the stimulus of almost a certainty that I should get some splendid fellows from these almost virgin waters. Meanwhile, "Walt" cast about for material for our raft, with which we were to cross the lake. The strokes of his axe rang with a startling discord upon the quiet, and the loons which had moved away again, joined in the tumult which seemed to desecrate the slumbering silence. To our surprise and disgust, our dog appeared and insisted

upon joining his fortunes with us. A hungry dog is not a desirable addition to a party compelled to transport all its provisions, and we made every effort to drive him back. He seemed, however, to comprehend his dependent situation quite as well as we did, and simply refused to go; moreover, he indicated as plainly as an intelligent dog could, that it was cruel to expect him to go at this late hour, so we were compelled to accept the situation. However, he proved to be a by no means objectionable companion. He had modest and gentlemanly instincts, had evidently been accustomed to camp life, demanded nothing, and thankfully accepted what we had to offer. It took two hours to build the raft, and, meanwhile, I whipped all the promising places with my fly and got not one encouraging rise. When the raft was completed, we loaded it with our luggage, got on board, followed by our dog, who embarked like a veteran accustomed to that sort of thing, settling himself so as to occupy the smallest amount of space—we shoved off for the island of pines, where we intended to pass the night. By due expenditure of muscle, we reached the beach. There seems nothing so cheap, so plentiful as muscle with these woodmen. I am appalled sometimes when I think of the labor they cheerfully perform. They volunteer so much more than I should ever dream of asking, that I have learned to wait quietly for their suggestions. The island was almost circular, and was covered with a growth of pines with some scattering white birches near the shore. How isolated we seemed there with the water and the wilderness and the silence all about us! I roamed about, gathering spruce boughs for our bed, with a timid sort of feeling that I might startle some delicate creature of the woods from its heretofore uninvaded abode, but not a living thing did I discover. There were no birds, no squirrels, but off the upper shore, hidden from our approach, a wild duck scuttled away with her full grown brood as my foot crushed a dry twig upon the mossy carpet. How sweet and fresh and virginal the beautiful island seemed. The sun had gone down and the cool breath of the woods stole in, laden with odors of balsam and birch, as I gathered the fragrant boughs, while "Walt" cut down one of the large white birches for our camp fire. It was nearly dark before our camp was arranged. The air had grown chilly, and when we lighted the fire, its ruddy glow illumined all the woods and shed a cheerful light upon our snug retreat. Then came the odors of frizzling pork, the aroma of the fragrant tea and the appetizing sense of potatoes roasting before the fire to crown the blessedness of our situation on this enchanted island in the midst of the slumbering wilderness. After supper and while we were smoking our usual pipe, lying upon the soft bed of boughs under the little tent made with my India rubber blanket, in our talk we found ourselves wandering off into intricate speculations regarding personal accountability, rewards and punishments, duty, and kindred subjects, which this wholesome young woodman treated in so fresh and rational a manner that I did not try to escape the serious turn our conversation was taking. But he came of a race of philosophers. He told me many quaint things of his grandfather, an old man I

had met a year before on my way into the woods. He lived at one of the last clearings, where he had been for more than forty years; he was eighty years old and nearly blind when I saw him. Some folks told the old man it was a dreadful thing to be blind, but he didn't think so. He had a good time and didn't want to go away from there. He could hear the river flowing by, and the mountain hadn't gone away even if he couldn't see it. He tackled my clerical companion upon theology, not knowing (nor caring much, I presume) that he was talking with a minister of the gospel.

The serene stars were shining in the depths above us, and glimmering in the depths below; the fire crackled with a soothing sound and we slipped away into a refreshing slumber which closed the happy day, and brought to us a morning breaking in splendor on the hills and inviting us early abroad upon the shining waters. The wreaths of mist curl lightly up from the mountain top. The solitary loons are awakening wild echoes among the woods and islands. I try the inviting depths with my fly but to no purpose. We sail away to the north among some granite rocks where we hear the rushing waters at the outlet, and I whip the pools and eddies with an expectation which constant failure does not dampen, but not a rise rewards my efforts. Then we coast along the shores where the pines and cedars lean over the water, and where an occasional maple shows its ruddy flush amid the green. Finally we reach an inlet, and believing it to come from the lake we seek, "Walt" lands and goes off into the woods to explore, returning after a little to say he finds no indications to tempt us further. We follow the silent shores with here and there a sand beach imprinted with the recent tracks of deer and moose, and landing once more, "Walt" again goes out to look for the lake. He soon returns and tells me he has reached it. He has not stopped to explore, has only seen the glimmer of its waters through the trees and knows that it is close at hand. We carry our traps a short distance through the woods and come out upon a beautiful beach of yellow sand with graceful birches bending above, intermingled with the scarlet bushes of the huckleberry and brown shafts of the yellow pine. While "Walt" returns for the rest of our load, I follow down the wide strip of yellow sand beach which marks the rim of the deep bay and curves round a point beyond. The beautiful lake lies among the hills, its bold shores covered with dark groves of pine, with but little undergrowth and carpeted with their brown needles. The Autumn has come earlier here. White rocks, yellow birches, scarlet and gold, with the soft harmonies of the evergreens repeat themselves in the silent and sombre waters. The lake seems full of islands, decidedly differing in its character from any other sheet of water we have heretofore seen in this whole region. A savage beauty which attracts, and yet over it all a mystery of silence which is not altogether comfortable, a stillness which seemingly might at any moment be broken by the voices of uncanny things lurking in the groves which look so frequented in their openness, luring the eye away in long vistas whose absolute silence might presently be peopled

with shy, startled and fantastic shapes. Half timidly I steal along the shore noting the footprints of moose and caribou which may but this moment have stolen away as their quick senses caught the hint of our coming. Glancing furtively into the brown depths of the woods at my left, noting the golden glimmer and play in the crystal depths at my right, alive to the quiet beauty resting upon the place, I still cannot help a feeling that I should not like to be here alone. There is something "spooky" and startling and disquieting about it. A strange object is this, which a slight turn in the shore reveals to my alert senses, somewhat resembling a flat rock with a bare pine projecting from it, and yet suggesting the work of human hands. A queer looking boat with a mast and a canvas sail blown over its side and hanging in the water—a rude, fantastic craft from which a crew of gnomes might suddenly have disappeared in the silent waters as they heard my footsteps on the sand. Who patiently hewed her planks from the shafts of the pine, and joined her rude frame and spread her clumsy sails? Whence had she come, driven by storms and winds, flying through mist and rain by the startled shores, "a spectre on the deep" frightening the winged creatures hiding in the shadowy nooks, scaring the deer, and settling at last in these soft sands, filled by the rains, buried under the winter snows, her heavy sail soaking and rotting in the ooze, and her tall mast grappled and held by the branches above? What did she here? What had been her office, or business, or service on this wild lake, where she must have been built, since there was no stream or inlet by which she could have entered from any other waters? Certainly here was food for speculation. She was not built for a day, even if not for all time, and her presence here implied a continued residence of some person. When on a closer and more careful examination of this flotsam and jetsam of the woods, my curiosity and surprise had begun to abate somewhat, it occurred to me that as she seemed entirely sound and whole, she might serve us to navigate and explore the lake instead of the raft which we had expected to build. With the remnant of an iron shovel which I found in her, I bailed the water out and had the satisfaction of finding that she would float. I hoisted a portion of the sail which had been soaking a long time in the water, and before a slight breeze which had sprung up, the rude craft crept solemnly by the shore towards the spot where our luggage was deposited. "Walt" was just returning from the raft as I came in sight with my prize. I think if a drove of caribou had come slowly marching towards him he could not have been more astonished, nor could he, for a moment, understand what it was that thus came silently over the waters, an actual boat (the last thing he would have expected to find in this out of the way place), or some fantastic creation of his awakened fancy. Our dog growled disapproval and apprehension, and ominously erected his ears and his bristling back at the apparition. However, when "Walt" discovered me in possession, delight beamed from his eyes, for he saw at a glance how completely we were in command of the whole lake, without the further trouble of building another raft. We named her "The

Bounding Dough," and after liberal exercise at the pumps to which henceforth we entirely devoted ourselves at all unoccupied seasons, we loaded in our possessions and set sail up the lake, in search of some habitation which we were sure we should find somewhere in the vicinity. We crossed shadowy bays, we rounded bold, piny headlands, entangling our ambitious mast in the overhanging branches, keeping a sharp look-out for any indications of a settlement. We had not gone half a mile, when we discovered a clearing and a bit of wooden ladder leading down the steep shore to the water beside a fallen pine. On the top of this bluff, on an open plateau, surrounded by the forest, we came upon a broad, low, log house, its door hospitably open and the remnants of a former occupation strewn about, fragments of casks, a grind-stone, litter of worn-out boots and garments, the accumulations of the wood-chopping place, and bones and hoofs of moose and deer. An open space of an acre or two had been cleared about the cabin, which nature was fast usurping again with her unfailing verdure of birch and brambles. Within were two stoves, one for heating, apparently, and the other for cooking. The pipe of the latter had been so repaired and tinkered in a very rude way, more particularly near where it joined the stove, and more or less all the way up, that at its base it was at least twice the size it was where it projected from the roof. There were a work-bench and some tools and a few kitchen utensils. The ceiling was lined with long cedar "splints" browned with smoke, and in the end of the room, on opposite sides, were four berths neatly lined with birch bark and having frames covered with mosquito netting to let down at night to keep out gnats and flies. On the paneling of the ceiling were really spirited drawings in chalk of a deer plunging along at full speed, an eagle, and an immense trout, and a very characteristic head, apparently of some woodman in a fur cap, together with a long list of game, moose, lynx, fox, black cat, rabbit, weasel, mink, deer and caribou, the trophies of some visiting hunting party. Nailed against the end of one of the berths was this notice:

"I built and have occupied this house for two years. I am now leaving it probably for the last time. The furniture, tools, etc., you are welcome to the use of, as a favor in return for which, I ask you to write to me about the old cabin. I should like very much to hear from it occasionally. Whoever occupies it hereafter won't you be so kind as to write me how long you are here, and what luck you have in finding game and fish, etc., etc. Direct to \* \* \* \*

An ample store of wood, ready cut for the stove, lay upon the hewn log floor, and everything was in readiness for immediate housekeeping.

How strange seemed all these evidences of human occupation in this wild spot, and how they intensified the silence and the sense of remoteness that rested here. The people are gone, but sitting quietly for a little while, a fancied murmur of voices seems to steal in from the surrounding forest, the barking of dogs, the call of men, the murmur of conversation. It is but the voice of the absolute silence, whispering to our alert fancy, peopling the woods and the empty house.

After we had carried our things up from the boat and taken possession, we built a fire in the stove and prepared our late dinner. Then we swept the floor and spread some fresh balsam boughs for our beds, preferring this to the berths with their withered boughs and old blanket found in one of them. At night, we lighted our cabin with torches of birch bark. There was, however, little temptation to sit up late. We put our dog into the berth with the blanket, and the effect of so much luxury was very apparent, for he slept very late next morning and was quite reluctant to turn out, stretching himself and yawning lazily before he could make up his mind to get up.

When we awoke we found everything enveloped in mist, but a misty morning is usually a promising morning. It would be a pleasant excitement to go about the lake in the mist in the "Dough," stealing through the mysterious reaches, perhaps being able to shoot some wild ducks, certainly to catch some big trout. We ate our breakfast leisurely, and leaving the dog, who showed no inclination to follow us—evidently going through some mental process which satisfied him we would return, since we did not take our effects with us—we embarked upon our vessel and pushed out into the mist and obscurity. We followed every bend and inlet. We startled flocks of wild ducks from the bays and woke the wild echoes in our vain attempts to shoot them. I cast my fly in all alluring spots, hoping at last to find the precise one in some cold, springy quarter where the monarchs lay; but all to no purpose. They were not there, or if they were they disclaimed my fly. At last the sun broke through the fog in glints that lighted up the shores for a moment, only to be swallowed up again, until toward noon, having nearly made the circuit of the lake the clouds departed altogether and the broad sunshine rested upon the woods. The Autumnal tints seemed to have increased during the night. The shores were aflame, and the pearly mountain-side, the brilliant maples, the yellow birches and the dark pines, imparted a new splendor to this region of shifting and changing attractions.

We had visited nearly every portion of the lake, had entered every bay and fished in all promising places and had discovered nothing further in connection with its occupancy until, when we had reached a point very near our starting place, we came upon a large raft with a raised seat in the middle, poles to push it with, and a small iron anchor with which it was moored to the shore. This structure was undoubtedly the predecessor of the "Dough," whose rudder we discovered near by. Now that we had made our tour without it and had no further use for it. I am satisfied that during this voyage a large portion of the water of the lake passed through the "Dough" and was laboriously shoveled back by each of us in turn.

We left her firmly anchored to the shore for the use of future explorers, carried our effects over to the raft on the lower lake and spent the night on its further shore. Next day we were early on the march in order to reach our lake in time to signal for the "big birch" in case the wind should rise, but nearing the shore, we heard the welcome sound of voices and had the pleasure of finding the whole party there expecting our return and just about to dine.

We were hailed as messengers from some fabled land and all our discoveries and adventures were listened to with an eager and delighted interest.

### SOME FRIENDLY CRITICISM.

[This sketch takes the reader into a studio, where he hears one artist criticise the work of another. In the course of the conversation several artistic questions are discussed, and various artistic terms are defined.]

"GOOD morning, Black."

"Hello, White!"

"Where's the last infant?"

"Here it is; what do you think of it?"

"I rather like it."

"Tell me more than that—pitch into it, for now's the time."

"Do you really wish it? I warn you that I'm not in a merciful mood, this morning."

"That's just what I want. Take a fresh cigar and sail in."

"Well, in the first place, I don't much like your subject, but of course that is nobody's affair but your own; however, let me see what you have done with it. In the first place, the picture lacks breadth; it has no large divisions of light and dark, but is cut up into a dozen patches of about the same size and intensity, each of which seems to be struggling on its own hook, and with no connection with any other. You know better than that."

"Certainly; but I am aiming at a kind of liveliness that the public and the critics demand. If I painted it with the breadth and gradations that would suit you, it would be too quiet, and would never be noticed. As it is my exhibition picture, I want it to make a noise, and sell, for a fellow must live."

"I don't see that at all. But here's a point that you must attend to; that figure is the pivot of your picture. I have found that out only by an intellectual operation of which the average observer is not capable, whereas, it ought to be seen at once, without any study. Any one of these other figures is quite as prominent. As it is now too late to change the whole composition, you must do it in some other way. The best way would be to put a lot of objects behind these other figures that will have the effect of connecting and rather mixing them together, so as to keep the immediate background of your central figure simple."

"You are right, and I'll make the change that way; but how about the color?"

"It is generally very harmonious and quite rich, but you must not expect me to like the way you have painted the flesh, the dresses, and so forth; they all look as if they were made of rough plaster, laid on with a trowel or shovel. You don't see things that way in Nature."

"Of course not; but you should allow something for the display of *technique*."

"The display of *technique* be dashed! And that reminds me that for a long time I have wished to preach a short sermon upon that text, and if it will not bore you too much I'll improve the present occasion. As I observed

before, the display of *technique* be dashed?—why display it? Simply to flatter your infernal vanity by astonishing the public into hailing you as a wonderful genius? It's a cheap way to get fame. Of course good *technique* is a good thing, and bad *technique* is exceedingly bad, because it is not only worth nothing in itself, but it misleads the ignorant public. *Technique* is valuable only in so far as it enables you to render the qualities of the several objects you are painting. The best *technique* is not seen by the uninstructed observer. In the Pheidian marbles of the Pediment of the Parthenon, the technique is absolutely perfect, so it is in the best pictures of the best of the old masters. You admire the beauty that is given and suggested, but with no first thought of the skill of the artist; he was willing to lose himself in the perfect rendering of his thought. The first thought on seeing the works of some modern fashionable artists, is, 'what a wonderful man the painter must be!'—and to inspire such a thought is just about all you have worked for; you try to astonish the public by a performance produced with apparently inadequate means, or in less time than any one else has required for doing it. You forget that you are an interpreter of nature. It is as if an actor, strutting about the stage, should shout out continually 'look at me, do not think of Shakespeare, whom I am supposed to be interpreting, but look at me, for I am the great man.' It is a trick you caught in Paris, from men who have quite as much vanity as you have, but who have used it with a touch of genius which you and a lot of other imitators just leave out. You give us what is only a clumsy and cheap imitation.

"The public is not concerned in the amount of time you spend upon your work. What is wanted is *the best results*. It is 'the little mores' as Titian said 'that make the difference between a mediocre and a good work of art'—and these 'little mores,' at the end of a picture, are a thousand times more difficult and rare of accomplishment than all the work up to that point. An artist's work should look as if he loved it, and not as if he got rid of it as soon as possible.

"Another thing in a figure picture, I like to feel that the painter has cared more for the figures than for the accessories. In a landscape however, figures should be treated as the rest of the picture, and with no more prominence.

"The dictionaries give no satisfactory definition of this word 'technique' as applied to art, and it would puzzle one to deduce a meaning from the various ways in which it is employed by the current art writers, who use it and a few other stock terms, as never failing talismans to conjure up a consideration for writings whose ignorance would otherwise be patent to every reader. But a liberal larding of an article on art, with a few such technical words, seems in the eyes of the average reader, to raise the plane of the argument above his comprehension, and he is often apt to adopt the conclusions presented without any further attempt at reflection.

"The word 'technique' has been transplanted lately from the French ateliers, and signifies the employment of means to an end; the end is the pictorial expression of thought; the means, canvas, pigments, brushes, marble, bronze, chisels &c., &c. And the manner in which these are employed is called *technique*. If the end is the expression of